

PUSSY WILLOW

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
His coal black wing is sunning.
A close green bud the Mayflower lies
Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the south wind blows
And through the brown fields calling goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper, stir,
Come out and show your silver fur!
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging.
And rosy will the Mayflower be
Upon its mossy pillow.
But you must come the first of all—
"Come, Pussy!" is the south wind's call,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON X. [March 5.]

CHRIST FREEING FROM SIN.

John 8. 12, 31-36. Memory verses, 34-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—John 8. 36.

DO YOU KNOW?

What name does Jesus give to himself in this lesson? Where may we learn about the bread of life? [See Wednesday's Help.] Where are some beautiful words about the water of life? [See Thursday's Help.] What made the Pharisees angry? To have Jesus call himself by such titles. If Jesus is the light of the world, what is our only safe way? To follow him? What is it to "continue in the word"? To keep on obeying Jesus. What will this bring? Freedom. What is it "to know the truth"? To know and do what God bids us do. Who is the real slave? One who commits sin. Who is the sinner's master? Satan. Who only can deliver from him? Jesus. Why did the Jews want to kill Jesus? Because they loved sin and chose to serve Satan. What is the kind of obedience that pleases God? The obedience of love.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. John 8. 12, 31-36.
- Tues. Learn this beautiful verse. John 8. 12.
- Wed. Read about the true bread. John 6. 31-35.

Thur. Find an invitation to the heavenly water. Rev. 22. 17.

Fri. Learn what true freedom is. Golden Text.

Sat. Learn what Jesus will help us to be. John 1. 12.

Sun. Think—earnestly and seriously. "Am I a slave, or am I free?"

LESSON XI. [March 12.]

CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND MAN.

John 9. 1-11. Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see. John 9. 25.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus still preaching and teaching? In and around Jerusalem. Whom did he see one day in the city street? A blind beggar. What did the man want? Money. What did he not know? That Jesus had something better to give him. What did he do for the blind man? What did he let the blind man do for himself? Did the clay cure him? Did washing in Siloam cure him? What will cure blind eyes now? Faith and obedience. What is the worst kind of blindness? The blindness of sin. Who is the Light of the world? When will that light shine upon us? When we look to Jesus. What was the blind man ready to do as soon as he was able to see? Tell others how he was cured. What does his story teach us? To come to Jesus for sight and when we have seen Jesus to tell others about him.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the beautiful lesson verses. John 9. 1-11.
- Tues. Read about the blind man and the Pharisees. John 9. 14-17.
- Wed. Learn a brave answer to a question. Golden Text.
- Thur. Read about a second meeting with Jesus. John 9. 35-38.
- Fri. Read how another blind man was healed. Mark 8. 22-26.
- Sat. Learn a beautiful verse about light. Isa. 60. 1.
- Sun. Learn two things about light which all should know. 1 John 2. 10, 11.

HOW TEDDY WON THE BATTLE.

BY KATHRYN VERNON.

Teddy had had a severe cold for a week and had been looking forward to the next week when he could go out and coast on the hill with the other boys.

He read his Sunday-school lesson on Sunday with mother and sat a long time looking quite solemnly out of the window.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright, but Teddy awoke with a cough which sounded like croup.

"No coasting to-day," father said, and father was a doctor and knew what was best for little boys.

Teddy stood in the hall, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets.

"No coasting!" he exclaimed, and tears of disappointment shone in his black eyes.

"Not to-day," father replied as he went out.

Not a sound came from the hall after that, and mother turned at length, wondering if her son were crying his sorrows out alone, for he always came to her for comfort.

"You just keep still, you old Satan. You needn't think you're going to beat Jesus. I guess not! You tempted Jesus once and he wouldn't yield. And I'm trying to be like him and I'm not to yield, either! I will not sneak out and take a ride. Mamma would look so sorry, and she'd always 'member how I disobeyed father. No, sir! I'm not going to listen, so hush up."

This is what mother heard as she reached the hall door and she slipped quietly away.

The next day Teddy had his longed-for coat, and his black eyes shone with delight as he thought that besides having honest fun he had won a battle the day before and conquered Satan.

ROSIE'S PRAYER.

"I'd wuvver not," said Rosie.

A lovely little head nodded two or three times and two white bare feet started for the door.

Mamma sat very still.

In less than half a minute the feet pattered back again. This time a bright, roguish face looked into mamma's.

"I thought I'd make 'oo a visit."

No answer. Only a sorrowful look met Rosie's eyes.

"I'll det 'oo some pitty fowers. I'se dot some."

No answer.

"Nice mamma." Two tiny soft hands patted mamma's cheeks and a sweet mouth sought the kiss that was never denied. Still Rosie did all the talking, and slowly a grieved look answered the tears in mamma's eyes. "I—fink 'oo might 'peak to Wowie."

Then mamma's lips opened.

"Doesn't my darling want the dear God to take of her to-night?"

"'Oo'll take care of me."

"I can watch over you, but only God can keep away the danger and the sickness. He has been so kind to us all day and you haven't even said, 'Thank you.'"

A long silence—Rosie pouted—leaned hard on mamma's knee—played with mamma's hands—nearly tumbled over—dug her toes into mamma's dress—and looked up with a face like a rainbow.

"I'll do it!" she said.

Very soft and tender was the little prayer Rosie repeated after mamma.

"I fink I wuvver would say my pwayers, every night," nestling into the soft pillows.

"God keep my little lamb always," whispered mamma.